

Untitled

A volume of lamenting odes,
On woe I wrote another stack,
And painted poems ten
shades black
and tragedies of different
modes.
My pen my emptiness
described
pushed passionately by dark
despair
Creating metaphor with care
as if my wit by doom was
bribed.

Those writings were my
gems, my heart,
The embodiment of what I
felt
The alter to which emotion
knelt—
Yet two years have gained no
new part.
Though they no longer
rankle forth
Thy love is all those lyrics
worth.

LU1975

Jay Berman
Lehigh University

"For the Aging Austrian Ski Bachler"

bursting from your fetal ball
you jump above the Swiss
woods, guided by singular
wish
to conquer your desire to fall.

lifting up your wooden skis
forcing downward goggled
face,
as if each mid-air element
tries
to overwhelm the other's
grace.

Todd Dawson
Lehigh University

MENAGE à SIX

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It's All So Easy

Dying came easy for Papa John Cur. I know. I was there. I saw him die. I watched his body relax when the pain went away. And I felt the cold go into his hands, finger tips first.

His liver was the first thing to die. It died long before the rest of him did. When his liver died it shriveled up and turned to stone. This is what livers do when they die. A chemical made Papa John die. It also made his skin a creamy yellow and swelled up his side to basketball size.

Papa John was polite and died in a hospital. The doctors plugged tubes into him to take liquids out. And they plugged tubes into him to put liquids in. They tried to make the basketball in his side go away, or at least get smaller.

Just before he died he told the nurse he had to go to the bathroom. She got a pan and closed his curtain, but he made her take it away. He made her unplug all his tubes. I heard him get out of bed. They came out from behind the curtains. She held him so he wouldn't fall over and steered him toward the bathroom. He went in and closed the door. She said Papa John didn't make any sense. She said nothing was going to happen in there because lately nothing happened when he went to the bathroom; nothing at all. When he came out she helped him back into bed and plugged all his tubes back in.

He called his mother, and his wife, and his sister and me to his bed. We held his hands. Papa John closed his eyes and told God to take the pain away. A little while later God did.

Dying came easy for Martin Walker. I know. I was his best friend. I prayed for him the day he died and I was lonely for a long time after.

He was found in his room on a Sunday morning, kneeling by his bunk bed with his belt around his neck. He tried to be polite. He died in an ambulance on the way to the hospital.

The police came to his house and drew things in chalk on the floor of his room. They asked questions. His mother cried. The neighbors cried. The girls in school who didn't like him cried. I almost cried, but I didn't. Martin didn't cry.

The man at the funeral parlor told us to look at Martin for awhile. He had his new sport coat on and his hair was combed. His glasses were crooked and I was going to straighten them for him, but I didn't. It didn't seem to matter to him at all; whether his glasses were straight or not. He had a rosary in his hands. It was the first time I ever saw him use one.

Dying came easy for Private James M. Collins. I know. I saw his picture on his casket with a flag on top. I heard a man play taps at his grave. And I saw his mother cry.

A war machine shredded and sliced him and spread him around in a field in Vietnam. Some of him was sent home with a letter, addressed to his parents, to hang in their den. It said we are sorry.

A man at the funeral parlor took his pieces and put them together as best he could with a needle and thread. He replaced the half of Jim's head that nobody could find with some putty and paint.

When he was finished making Jim whole, he showed him to his mother and she stopped crying. She said Jim didn't look anything like that. She said the man in the box wasn't her son.

And so, when I saw him, he was dressed in his uniform smiling from behind a piece of glass with a frame all around him and a flag underneath him. This was the Jim his mother wanted us to pray for.

Some soldiers took the pieces to the graveyard. We stood in the rain and watched the priest tell the pieces to go back to where they came from. I heard a man play taps and I saw my sister cry.

Dying comes easy for spiders in my basement. I know. I made one die. I poured hot water on one until he became a ball and rolled away. I felt very bad after. I don't like when things die. I don't know why I killed him. I think it is because that's what most people do with spiders when they see them.

Spiders die as easy as people do. Every thing dies easy. When the earth dies it will die easy. And when the universe dies it will die easy too.

There is nothing special things have to do to die. Just like there is nothing special things have to do to be born. I know. I was born and I didn't do anything but keep something going I didn't start.

Dying is coming easy to a neighbor now. I know. I live across the street. I saw his mother take him to the hospital and his father bring him home again and again.

Once he came home without his hair. And once he came home with a dead arm and leg. He is being polite and dying in the hospital.

The part of him that makes blood doesn't do it right. It never will do it right. When the bad blood made him skinny and weak, the doctors made him fat and bald and killed his arm and leg. The rest of him will die sometime this week.

When he dies I will go and look at him and tell his mother and father I am sorry. I will tell the truth. I don't like when things die.

I can make things be and I can make things not be. I can make things get sick and die. I know. I did it in this story. I could make everybody better again and even have them go to lunch together; if I wanted to. I won't though, because things never work out that way.

Frank Miltman
Moravian College

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The Unanswered Question

Kathleen O'Reilly was a small, frail child. Pale blonde hair and dark blue eyes which were swallowed by dark black rings gave her a ghost-like appearance. She was my best friend. We were both eight. Sister Josita Marie was our teacher. Whenever, she had a candy bar she would give me half. She never tried to keep the big portion but always gave it to me. We did everything together. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons we took dance lessons at the Community House. It was a big, old building with chipped walls and drafty hallways. Our favorite part of those afternoons was waiting for our mothers to pick us up. We always met them by the vending machine. While we waited we usually split a bar of candy. Kathy always gave me the big half. I asked her why, once. She said it made her feel good to give it away. She was like that.

Kathy got sick and our class sent her a card. I missed her because she was my best friend. Eight years is a cruel age. Children are very intolerant and frequently shun any form of deviance whether it be physical or emotional. When Kathy came back to school she was very skinny. She couldn't take gym or dance lessons anymore. Most of the other children tried to ignore her because she looked ugly. I tried to be her friend, but she was very different. She was quiet and always raised her hand to be allowed to go to the girls room. Everyone would grumble because Sister Josita always let her go. During math and English, students were forbidden to go to the lavatory. Kathy was always excused. We didn't think it was very fair. One day I got permission to go to the girl's room the same time she did. I found her getting very sick to her stomach. I remember that it really surprised me. I always tried to fake being sick because sometimes the nurse would send you home. I remember feeling a little awestruck by Kathy. I couldn't believe how good Kathy was at being sick. Before long she was absent more than she was in school. One morning Sister Josita-Marie added an extra special prayer to our morning services. She asked God to help our friend, Kathleen, who was a very sick little girl. I decided right then and there Kathy was going too far. It wouldn't be any fun to stay home that much.

A few weeks later Sister asked us to bring in money for a gift for Kathy. We each were supposed to bring a quarter but my mother gave me a dollar. Sister bought her a really cute stuffed clown doll. It was bright green and had a big smiling face. We all clapped when we saw it. We hoped it would make Kathy happy.

On May 2, I was nine years old. I remember skipping across the street and up to the playground where all my friends were. I was ready for the Friday Inspection the Principal gave. My dress and socks were freshly ironed. I had polished my shoes and scrubbed my nails. It was a good day. The sun was bright and warm. Flowers were beginning to open their arms and raise their faces to the sky. My mother was going to bring cup-cakes with chocolate icing to help my classmates celebrate my birthday. I was bursting with joy.

As I approached my class-mates I noticed a strange look on their faces. I wondered if the Principal was going to check our class first. I wasn't worried because I was prepared. JoAnn Merco was standing on line. She began to walk towards me. I got very excited because I thought she was going to give me a present.

"Hi, Joanne."

"Hi, Did you hear the news? Kathy died last night of a brain tumor."

I didn't understand what she was saying but I could feel tears running down my cheeks. I remember stepping on my shoes to make them all dirty. I was mad at the Principal; I was mad at the sunlight; and I was especially mad at God. Sister Josita-Marie tried to explain that God wanted Kathy with him. I thought, He should have waited until she was older. I was nine that day. I thought age would bring the wisdom I would need to understand, why? In two months the anniversary of that day will come again. I will be twenty-one. I don't think I'll have the answer by then. I don't think I'll have an answer ever.

Dorothy Ann Glardano
Moravian College



And Summer Comes

Sun drum-beating down on bubble-topped tar that sticks to bare feet and spots white sneakers' beige soles.

Rain hissing up white and misty from the streets like water thrown on fire. The sudden thunder cracks and splashing fat raindrops slap hot tar.

Naked white worshipers bake in sizzling gold. Their anointed bodies glisten wet with saltwater and oil. They burn and bronze and bodies blacken as the sun screams yellow to defy the sparkling blue and the sea spills its soul upon the shore.

Mory Kirk
Lafayette College

Longing

This feeling
grabs me in its claws
and hungrily sucks my soul
into its pulsing vacuum.

My pleas are stifled
by a wall of knashing teeth
and alone, I hear their
echoes
...mocking me
...mocking me
as I'm pulled down its dark
throat,
...eaten alive.

Mory Kirk
Lafayette College

A Brief Word Concerning Tequila Sunrises

I like quiet
and I strive for it constantly
in the worst way

but there you go and what do you do but
drink Tequila Sunrises
and spend the late afternoon
screaming
and laughing
and
shreiking
you dance to the radio and
the sparkle in your eyes
grows warm,
the coarseness of your gestures increases
and I cringe,
for hours. . .
until you leave.

dear, dear me,
how long it is
until
tomorrow,
when I can
softly
creep around the silent house and avoid your discomforting
stare.

how very long

B. Sheoly
Lafayette College

Inversion

The obelisk stretches upward to the bottom of the pool
Reaching towards the clouds floating slowly along
The lower surface. From across the street
I gaze and wonder, stunned in the stony cool
As he watches too, from blank eyes, marbled strong,
A reflection that made the illusion complete.

He and I together are engrossed in the sight.

And stretching through decades we discuss it a bit
While he on the marble, I on the marble, sit
Feeling a union, a closeness so tight....
Yet I realize it's simply a play of the light,
That I've stretched the simile, forced it to fit
While neglecting the man at my side, I admit,
So I turned and left him to return to the night.

Jay Berman
Lehigh University

LU1975



Reflection

the sun diminishes beside him until
candles
cluster the table sketches
started but never finished lie
among torn off garment
labels
seconds move infinitely slow
scrambled
tape lies
upon an evergreen tree notes eject
themselves
upon brain striking
thoughts of her
for him to see
red dress flows in tortured mind
warmth retreats
from tattered heart
derision replaces
desire for her
yet anger seems irrelevant

to the part never again
will life seem the same
happiness seems to fade
with the dark life
will continue
he'll survive
picking up pieces
a brand new start..

Alon Wolfe
Muhlenberg College

The Final Movement

My three-day unslept body
Pressed against the ad-
ministration desk

Honest inquiry thwarted
By abstract definition:

Respect—limited by
Nebulous eagle-eye.

Conversation absurd,
I smiled goodbye.

My discontent step
Hurried toward dreams

Of impotent rulers
And declining kingdoms

That were my pedal tones
To thoughts of Orwellian Logic
Inspired by calumnious
campaign slogans:

Watergate Toccata and Fugue
Opus 1972.

David Bartholomew
Moravian College



CONTINUED

I
I want to scream at the wall
I want to cry at the crowd!
Where is my ground
beneath sidewalks
and burning sun?
My voice falters in empty air.
Walls conflict at corners of escape
My God! What a headache I've got!

II
Drooping eyeballs
hardly aware of the sky
or the stars as they glisten
or the moon as it cries
Ears not made to listen
but to cover the space where they lie.
Hearing not a sound
above the ground.

Only the clay
flesh and bone world gone awry
What is not white is empty not black
but empty and cannot belie
colours or worlds in the back
of the inverted sky
Feeling not a thought
beyond the touch.

Trepanning eyes
prying and twisting sides of the mind,
splitting the atom and genes and the sky.
Blue, red, and yellow and shades that they find
shatter the rainbow until pieces lie
on a wave of bent air with nothing below
and nothing behind,
and nothing behind.

III
Alone
and blackness mocks the
light
Afraid
though flowers fill my
sight
I am light I am light
Let the sun go out.

Two doors
bending back at the seams
open wide before us.

Golden wings
instant—gleaming,
draw my eyes away

Puddles of darkness
splash my feet, consuming the space
as I step.

IV
I step, I cannot step.
The sun is out,
Where is the day?
Where is the day?
Where is an arm or a light
to show me the way?

The ground is slipping.
the sand is dry
I breathe of the black
I look back, I cry

I need song, I need old men
to tell old tales

Old man, Old man
tell me a tale,
Tell me of heroes
who never grew pale

Tell me of children
who played in the sun.
Make me a world
where I'll be someone

Dying tales.
A wildflower blackens where I stand

V
The song is leaving,
heaving and gone.
Alone in this and
I stand in the dark.

Blackness is deafening
and a church bell peals out.
Dark turns to fog
replaced in a mist
Quiet is quieter, whispering
echoe of that distant bell.

Alone now in grass
moist in the dawn.
Green is the colour
of shapes in the dark

Over and over
the bells sound much louder;
lighter and lighter
the green becomes brighter.
Wet are my feet, wet are my hands.

Why am I lying down here in the grass?
What is the hour? What is this day?
What was that darkness
that was my universe?

James P. Kain
Lafayette College

Untitled

as a buffalo wraps
his broken gifts of sand

so do I offer myself

amongst many of fur
I am the ritual,
the death, the celebration.

yet, the animal has refused an
intellect
my thoughts are hard drops
into broken sand
a hollow black whine
how can I tell myself of my
cages?

the buffalo has died
a sand of few symbols

Linda Norton
Cedar Crest College



Riddle

*Here, knowledge congeals
blooming in red impulses.
From the deep cavity
breast feeds breast
sucking for the roots of love.*

*I am the internal reminder.
I am candy.
I am lighting striking.
I am a beating drum—
the beginning and the end.*

*I am the kiss of life once every
second.*

Michael A. Carey
Lafayette College



Thalidomide Heroes

laughing
a thirteen year old London
schoolboy
playing football
it's great fun
look closely
see
he has no limbs
yet on he plays
twirling
higher-higher-higher
a ballerina
in cat-like grace
thrilling audiences
look closely
see
she has no arms
yet she dances on
-harder-harder
they try
determined
to never give in
look closely
friend
look closely

Alan Wolfe
Muhlenberg College

Lemon Juice

*it was up to him
and he left me
it took me a long time to get
over it
and I never did
but when I tried to drown
myself
in lemon juice, I realized
what a sensual experience it
was
to feel like a ripe lemon*

*he could never have made me
feel like that
like a ripe lemon, and it was
then
that I realized all the things I
had missed
that he didn't know,
especially things about
citrus.*

*tears streamed down my face
with tart pleasure
and I shone with the brilliance
and polish
of someone who had been a
lemon
all their life, and I knew
that my thirst would be
quenched
with morning sunstreams and
crystal dew*

*now I trek the world
and swing on vines
as one of every perfect
fruit I know
my life brings forth countless
ecstasies
you see, limes are very
satisfying.*

Linda Norton
Cedar Crest College

The Animals

One heard only
the wind.
It was like a ghost or
a harpinger.
No sound issued from the animals.
No barks.
No meows.
There was only terror,
fear.
One saw it in their eyes.
The little ones with bubbed tails,
the watchdogs, the dalmations.
The snow
was coming down.
The flakes were sharp and
stabbed both hands and paus.
"Mummy, where are we taking
Nicku?"
"Hush," said the Mother.
"Nicku is going away."
And the cold
breathed its breath into
every living thing.
The Pound was just
up the street.
All the animals
were there.
A shalony terror
was frozen
upon their frightened, pointed
muzzles.
The separation
was quick
as the animals were kicked
into the cages.
None of them snarled
at the German.
They were too shocked
and too scared.
Perhaps this was due
to the rock
from the field
where the animals
were killed.
The Widne
wasn't let go.
So she also was thrown in,
to the laughter
of the German.
And then
they ran...
hundreds of them,
driven out by
the Germans
into the field.
And the Widne ran
with them.
No more
would they claw
at the barbed wire pound.
No more whimpers
or leashes
or cries.
The people turned away.
They didn't want to hear
the sound of the shovels
scooping up the frozen ground.
Only the wind
remained to be heard.
It chimed as chill night song.
An interpretation of
Isiah Spurgel's
"Ghetto Dog"
Nov. 12, 1974

Hillel Abrams
Lafayette College

Ambition

A young man dreamed of
conquered lands,
Of heroes fallen by his
hands,
Of wealth and power in all
extremes—
But when he died, so died
his dreams.

Brian Erway
Lafayette College

SWEET

David and settle down to beautiful monotony for the rest of her life
"All I want," said David solemnly to her one night at her parents' well polished
dining room table, "is to settle down with a good wife, and have a little girl."
"Aw, come off it Dave, you're a destined bachelor. What would the rest of the
boys say if you decided to get married?" Sandy had teased him.
"I don't know," he said seriously, "but I'm finally ready. I've already asked a
couple of girls but they turned me down."
"You never asked me," Sandy objected.
"Give me time to earn a little more money so that I can give you what you've
always had and I will."
They stayed up until two in the morning that time, just talking and drinking.
When he got up to leave, Sandy showed him to the door and he kissed her
briefly. It was nothing unusual for David to do but it was a mere detail that she
wanted to remember, even if it made her hurt.
A couple of nights later, he came up again. Sandy's parents had been away
that week and a constant flow of visitors was the result.
Sandy was in her bathrobe sitting in the gray-backed chair when the familiar
sound of the white Ford rolled into the gravel driveway. The knock at the door
was greeted quickly.
"Aw Dave, I'm really tired," Sandy told him honestly.
"I've only got a six," he said. "That won't take us long to drink." So she let
him in and dropped Cat Stevens onto the turntable, knowing it was the only
music they could agree on.
At eleven o'clock, the phone rang briskly, cutting the light conversation
between the two.
"Hello," Sandy answered.
"Hello, Sandy? This is Nance. Is Dave up there?"
"Yup," Sandy said and handed the phone out towards David.
"For you, it's Nancy." And David got up to take the phone.
It was a short conversation, ending with,
"Don't worry Nancy, your brother has been like this plenty of times before. I'll
be right down." He hung up the receiver and turned to Sandy.
"Danny's been hitting the bottle again. Nancy hid his 22 on him while he was
looking for it and he's getting ratty. I'm going down to quiet him."
"Don't worry," Sandy assured him, "I'll keep the rest of the beer cold for
another night."

After he had left, Sandy got into the shower. She felt good that night as the
warm water hit her body. Talking with David always made her feel good for
some reason. His smile appeared shifty to those that didn't know him, but Sandy
knew him and the personality that had once scared her, now brought her
comfort. She chuckled when she thought of his hair which was kept con-
servatively short in a brush cut and curled around his ears. His brown eyes were
set deep and the circles under them darkened his complexion.
Maybe it would become more than a friendship during that summer, Sandy
thought. It was only June. There were still two months for her to tell him that she
really cared.
While she was drying herself off, she heard his car pull into the driveway
again. When the knock came at the door, she stuck her head out of the
bathroom and called,
"Come on in!"
He walked in, leaving the door open and said to her,
"Danny's out roaming around somewhere. I want you to lock your door since
he knows your parents are out of town and might decide to circle up here to say
hello."
"O.K. Just turn the little knob inside the door and you can lock it on your way
out," she said, not wanting to expose herself from the bathroom.
"Good enough, sleep tight," he said and made his exit once more.
David was one of a kind of the chosen few. There was a concern within him
that very few were able to show. He wasn't afraid of pain, and happiness and
trust were unexpected pleasures which he accepted when they came his way.
Sandy had too many thoughts that she wanted to remember. All of them were
important in creating the pain that she wanted to feel. She sat down against the
tree and took a joint out of her pocket.

Electric Trees for Dr. Shockley

I heard the psi-square noise
you made in the Harvard yard
about the Black man
whose head is as soft
as a tribal dance.
Tragic
was your description
of this paper man
who should play with his
thumbs
across electric trees
calling the world to lunch.
He should
of course
coil his sex
for his children's children's
sake.

Since your business is the
mind—
the cold one
that receives white-hot
numbers
binary quick,
little good a poet scan
the notes of Smith and Jones.
Rather
I will give birth
to my thumbs again
and send my nightmare
threads
across dying trees
telling all
that women must love me
and men

clear of my sheath,
for I am coming
from cultural shock
so few but God would un-
derstand
that my triangular vengeance
will bloody
Pythagoras
and the Trinity
who wait
abstractly
for me to beat my fingers at
ancient feet
within a holy yard.

J. C. McCullagh
Lehigh University

MISERY

David had never smoked. Oh, he could polish off a pack of Lucky Strikes in one day without any problem, but pot was something he had always been against. One night, he was with Sandy and two mutual friends of theirs who occasionally smoked together. They had been sitting on one of the docks by the water when Sandy lit up the pipe and handed it around the circle. She noticed immediately that David took the pipe and followed the pattern of holding in the smoke. Nobody said anything about this unusual turn of events because they were afraid he would change his mind.

Sandy never did ask him if he felt anything from it, knowing that if he wanted to join them again, he would.

She was feeling some pretty good effects now. Memories were clearer and she felt better about remembering the good times. The only thing that bothered her was that David wasn't there to remember them with her.

After she had moved out of her parents house and over to the lodge where she worked as a waitress, she got to see David more often. Two nights a week he would come and pick up the garbage scraps for the pigs that his family owned. From her small room, she could distinguish his walk on the path outside the window. She was always ready for him. They would ride together in his white Ford and Sandy would listen to him complain about the noises it made as he drove it down the beat up dirt road.

"Got to fix that rattle in the back one of these days," he would say without fail every evening.

The car would pull smoothly into David's yard, where the ducks, the pigs, and Lucifer, the bull, were kept. Sandy and David would get out of the car and she would watch him feed his flock. People in Staten Island would turn up their noses at this for sure, Sandy used to think. But she loved it, watching the twenty four ducks waddle as one mass over to the lettuce scraps, grabbing them savagely. There used to be twenty five, but one got pilfered, David told her sadly one night, when she had counted them and noticed the difference.

After the feeding they would go to the bar or the beach where the rest of the town crew would be collecting money for beer or already guzzling their first case without a care.

One night David had decided that he would like to go to the first square dance of the summer with Sandy. They had set up the evening a week in advance, Dave telling her that he would pick her up with the scraps at 8:30, Saturday night. When he arrived, she was ready as usual only to discover that he had been drinking very steadily since 5:00. It was weekend, she said when she saw him stagger past her window, and was quick to forgive him. Sandy had never seen David that drunk before, but she was amused rather than bothered by it. They went to the square dance in the fire hall for only one dance and then across the street to the beach where everyone was still drinking.

Sandy spent most of the evening talking with John, who she had met through David three years ago. Every once in a while, David would call for her from wherever he had been propped up and she would go over to him.

"I'm really sorry I got so drunk," he would say from his daze.

"It's okay Dave, really, we'll hit the next dance when you're in better shape."

John took David's keys from him when he started to mumble something about driving to the bar for a drink. Then for extra precautions, they disconnected some of the wires under the hood. John and Sandy took another collection at 12:30 for the last case of the evening. As she drove his car to the only bar that was open fifteen miles away, they laughed about Dave's condition.

"Well, you're driving just fine," John told her. "Maybe I ought to give Dave's keys to you in case he talks me into giving them up."

"Ha," she commented, "if I have one more beer, you'll quickly change your mind on that score."

"You know he really cares for you," John said.

"I hope so," Sandy told him honestly.

"I hope it works out," he added.

By the time they got back, David was really out to the world, so they put him into the back of John's car where he could sleep.

Sandy stayed for another hour and then decided that it was time for her to leave. John offered to take her home so they got into the car and drove very cautiously up the hill to where she had her small room in an isolated cabin. Pulling into the resort parking lot, he turned off the car and its headlights. Sandy gave into his advances that night. She was conscious of David's gentle snoring

in the back seat while she and John maneuvered themselves around in the front. She kissed him good night finally at two, telling him to take good care of his charge.

For a week she didn't see David. Sandy thought maybe it was because John had bragged a little more than he should have but she soon discovered that it was because he was sick in bed with bronchitis, probably developed from that last cold night in the open air, when he wore only a flannel shirt.

Tuesday morning, Sandy's boss came out to the window of her cabin and called,

"Sandy, telephone."

She dressed slowly, and went into the kitchen past all of the employees who nodded good morning without really meaning it.

"Hello," she said half-awake into the phone.

"Hello Sandy? This is Nancy," came the voice from the other end, sounding rather groggy too.

"Hi ya kiddo. What's the idea of getting me out of bed on my day off?" Sandy demanded.

"Sandy..." there was a pause. "David died last night."

Something wasn't right, Sandy thought as she noticed her boss' four year old daughter staring at her from her position on the table. Nancy went on to explain,

"He choked to death on a pill he was taking for his cold."

"Oh my God..." Sandy managed in a garbled whisper, as the tears of realization started down her face. After a long minute of nothingness, Sandy mumbled,

"Nancy, I'll catch up with you later," and after two short "byes," they hung up. Sandy ran out of the office and through the gray kitchen filled with smoke as the two cooks just looked up at her knowingly. They must have heard earlier that morning.

In her small room there was consolation in the fact that she could cry in peace. Sandy had always wondered how she would react to the death of a friend. Now she wished she had never experienced that morbid curiosity that had been fulfilled.

Yes, that week had been a nightmare. Sandy didn't eat anything and lived off of coffee and cigarettes that kept her awake every night with Nancy, who had moved in with her temporarily.

The day before the funeral, Sandy was walking through town when John drove up and stopped the car, telling her to get in. As he drove her home, they said little. His face was thin and drawn, and it was evident to Sandy that he too had been living off of nothing.

"So how are you doing," asked Sandy out of lack of anything else to say.

"Surviving," John said, "just like we all will anyway."

He pulled into the driveway for the first time since the night of the dance and said through his daze,

"Sandy, I'm sorry."

"About what?"

He just looked at her and didn't answer. She thanked him for the ride and got out of the car.

Yes, there was happiness in pain, Sandy reminded herself, just as long as things that were meant to be forgotten weren't remembered too often.

Sandy was straight now. The joint had been finished long ago and she felt relaxed. Dusk was beginning to drift in and Sandy reminded herself that she was supposed to be back at Nancy's house by six. Nancy had wanted to come with her but Sandy had told her that since it was the first time she had visited the sight since the funeral, she wanted to go alone.

Sandy got up from her spot and brushed off the back of her jeans carelessly. There was nothing in the way of pain or misgivings within, there was only the acceptance that death would come to her too someday and she just hoped she would be caught off guard like David had been so she wouldn't have time to regret moments not spent with those she loved.

Tomorrow was Sunday and she would have to go back to college. As she tried to pick out that one stone from the small group of fifty on the hill, she wondered sadly about the fact that she had traveled three hundred miles to see it. Nobody at school had understood as she packed her bags impulsively Friday afternoon. Sandy knew that even as she unpacked them tomorrow night, they would be no closer to understanding.



Sue Winne
Cedar Crest College

Christmas Eve

The road is cold as I lie upon it.
It is hard, too.
We are attached
by the side of my face, my palms,
and blood-drenched clothes.

And the cold seeps into me
like water on the parched earth.
I am beyond pain.
I am beyond remorse.
Only it's cold, so terribly cold.
And I'm all alone.

How fast the car was moving!
I was a momentary obstacle.
Very fleeting—yes, that's how
you describe impact.

But now, in my final moments
I must observe.
Yes, look at everything.
I must see it all,
in its entirety.

Snow-graced trees line the walk.
Houses are sprinkled with holiday lights.
Ice turns an ugly born in the sewer.
And the water flows,
ever onward.

And the left side of my face,
the side turned upward,
feels the tears of rain.
At least something knows
and cries.

The end.
The inconceivable end
approaches.
No longer can I observe with
my eyes.
Faces, voices, memories—all
come.
They are the pall bearers of
my coffin.

Hillel Abrams
Lafayette College

Untitled

I saw it sneaking over the
mountain wall;
Or had it sat there, waiting,
audacious, well-
knowing it could not be
stopped, since
Men were but men, and
gloating, entered, sensed
By eye that lifts no hand, and
watching, sins.

Its deliberate fingers clutch
and blotch tree crowns.
And, purchase gained, the
stain seeps down
The ridge, amoebic, puddles
under a hill,
Re-gathers its gangled grasp,
grim, still,
And, 'neath valley eaves,
oozes disease—
Sure, seeking gaps to pour
through, easy
Unhurried, dirt-smirching fir
and birth

Forever. It slides slyly, a
slimy scorch.
Besmearing slopes it slips by,
caulking cracks
It creeps past with
ineradicable black.
The malignant blemish (for it
is so small)
Swarms darkly t'wards me: a
shadow pall
Above, a stagnant pool of dim
below,
Cool, no, cold. An arm of mold
green, slow,
Careful, snakes around my
tower's legs:
It's just a sudden summer's
gust that shakes
Me in my mountain home,
chills me in my marrow
bone.

A satisfied scornful laugh
passes
Shattering to still smaller
pieces
The once-pretty afternoon
peace.

I turn from the tangled
tenacles
Twined in trunks of hills
beyond;
The beetling spy will confront
Other watches who will stop
his fun.

But icy crawling cirrus clouds
are clawing at the sun
And Sauron's return to
mighty Mordor has
doubtless just begun.

David Troutman
Lehigh University



Calling on the Gods— Calling on the Dogs

The crowd roared with laughter as the wretched, grotesque figure ran madly about the stage disrupting the tender love scene which was in progress. The actors were at first embarrassed, then angry when they realized that their opening performance had been ruined by some drunken fool who had wandered in off the street. They were wrong, however, in assuming that the intruder was a drunkard, because in reality, no one knew who he was, what he was, or where he came from.

He did resemble a man in some ways. He was of average height and his body was bent like that of a hunchback. At the end of his right arm was a transparent, toeless foot which he used in much the same way as a blind man uses a cane. His small face had no eyes or mouth and was covered with soft white fuzz.

Although he could not tell anyone, his name was Tryke and he had traced his origin to a particular stretch of sewer pipe which ran beneath the 1500 block of 42nd Street in New York City. How he began to grow in such a peculiar patch of the universe he did not know. But in spite of his formidable appearance and questionable background, the beauty of Tryke's mind far surpassed the ugliness of his physique. Since he had no mouth and his body required no food, Tryke's thoughts were not influenced by the driving forces which are present in all living organisms: the need for self-nourishment and the will to live.

Tryke had no conception of Self. His thoughts concerned nature; he saw it from a completely objective point of view, understood it completely, and loved it with all his being. Although he had always been surrounded by the city, New York and all its people did not exist for Tryke because his thoughts passed directly through them, not resting on them for even a second. He was also non-existent to the people of the city. Resembling an old hunchback, he always walked with his featureless face pointing down, and was regarded with the same indifference as all the other old hunchbacks in New York. No one had ever tried to communicate with him, the result being that Tryke and the city had co-existed for twenty years, neither being aware of the other's presence. Nevertheless, his beautiful unselfish thoughts made him extremely happy.

Now he found himself being chased around the stage of a crowded theater. He had unwittingly entered the theater, deep in thought, and wandered onto the stage. The sound of the laughing crowd frightened him and he began to run, only to be grabbed by the security police and thrown out of the theater into the street. This was the first time anyone had ever touched Tryke intentionally. As he lay in the street outside the theater, he felt intense pain for the first time. He felt as if he was awakening from a long, deep sleep.

"Some outside force has caused this unpleasant feeling," he thought. "I must also be some kind of force in order to feel that feeling."

Slowly and methodically, Tryke came to the conclusions that he was an entity and that there were other entities all around him.

Prior to this, the only entity he had realized was nature. As the images of the city and its people found their way into his brain, he felt as if a large part of his inner being had died. He could no longer conceive of nature as one unified whole and was becoming increasingly aware of things, such as buildings and people, which did not fit in with his previous ways of thinking. He began to be bothered by the questions which trouble all people, but, not being used to such a conception of selfhood, Tryke could not handle them.

"Why am I here?" he thought. "What are all these other living creatures around me and why are they so hostile? Is there a purpose to their existence? To mine?"

Such thoughts had never before occurred to him. Tryke was no longer happy. In his mind he likened himself and all people to a gigantic cancer growth which was choking his beloved nature.

"Don't you have any respect for yourself? Get out of the gutter and be on your way!" ordered the policeman. He lifted Tryke by the shoulder and shoved him.

Stumbling down the street, Tryke felt as if two opposing forces were present in his head which in no way could exist together. He felt extremely hungry for the first time. As his hunger increased, a red indentation formed in the fuzz on his face and he soon had a mouth. Crazed with hunger, he ran through the streets of New York foaming at the mouth. He now had a strong will to live.

When the hunger pangs had grown to an unbearable level, Tryke heard a soft thud in back of him. He turned to find a dog which had fallen from the sky. He greedily ate the dog and was satisfied. He ate nothing more for two days and when he was again near the point of starvation, another dog fell from the sky which he again readily devoured. Soon, Tryke began to depend on these heaven-sent dogs for sustenance, and never worried about finding his own food.

Many changes took place in his mind during this time. He no longer loved nature, or even thought about it. He could think of nothing but the pleasure of eating, and came to believe that nature was obligated to keep him alive with dogs from the sky. As the weeks passed, he became very selfish.

He was walking one night, feeling very proud and superior to all other living things. He believed that he was created in God's image and only he was entitled to eternal salvation. Since the birth of his selfhood, his thoughts had grown in scope. He smiled when he heard the familiar thud beside him. As he knelt to take his food, there was another thud in back of him. This was another dog, but younger than all the previous ones. At first, Tryke was delighted, but he soon realized that there were dogs falling all around him, each one being younger than the one before it. The sky above Tryke was full of falling, yelping puppies. He fell to the ground, cried out in fear, and was soon buried under a mound of writhing embryonic creatures. Tryke died in this shower of new life.



Untitled

It stands alone
In the midst of nothingness
A place called nowhere.
As you enter through the towering
brass doorway,
You feel a fulfilling emptiness
Which caresses your soul.
Gaze at the sight of this enormous
chapel
Furnished with the shelves of
creation.
Late across the floor
Fear and hope lined against the wall
The love, sweet as above them all.

The books of life are what they're
called.
Dancing on the fluorescent walls are
the six senses
Framed and signed by God.
Each in its separate corner—
waiting.
And behold! There upon the
mantel—time
Is the time of all the universe—in
its most common role—
A golden pendulum counting off
the minutes until dawn.

Now, that you have witnessed the
essence of existence—
What is there left for you to do
but—
...pick a book,
buy a painting and,
...wind the clock another million
years.

Debby Barnowsky
Moravian College

Untitled

as twilight deepens evenward,
the sun sets slowly into night,
and dusk will deepen, velvet soft
a sky that changes with the light.
i hear approaching down the lane
the clip-clop, clip-clop of the hooves
of six dark horses, somewhere
bound,
gone clip-clip-clopping o'er the
ground.

i gather up my cloak against
the velvet of the indigo—
i see the carriage coming on
and i must off where it would go.
dead, soft-approaching night is near,
dark, dusk deepening, i hear
the horses trotting, trotting on...
i must be off, i must be gone.
the horseman reins the horses in
the carriage stops, and i step in—
it would not wait,
hut must go on,
and i must go, i must be gone.
i board the carriage, close the door
the velvet lining of the box
is quite, quite plush; but, unim-
pressed,

i know i travel like the rest.
i do not want to go—i must be gone.
the carriage moves, i cannot hear
the horses' walk—and slow, and
slow
it starts to roll—
i cannot feel their pace!

how droll,
and looking back, my home recedes
in due proportion with the speed
demanded by the quickening pace—
my family is on the walk and
gazes as the carriage cantors
down the road.

gazing back three minutes more
as smaller, smaller grows the scene
where i had spent my life, i seem...
but now my gaze is but ahead,
and now the horseman of the dead
but flicks the reins—the horses paw
the sky a moment, mount and fly
the carriage following
we leave the ground,
the horseman flays the steed which
gallop
heaven-bound
across the moon, the clouds, the
sky—
the indigo, black indigo—
we leave the land of breathing,
by means of the road of egeon,
and breathless, star-bound highways
between the earth and its eternity.

Scott E. Denson
Lafayette College



Shudder in the Sunset

an old man was walking down
the road—
...and i remembered a bird in
a cage.
the wise old sage
just strolled by
to squint and blink
a wrinkled eye.

i couldn't remember
...when i felt so sad
or so far away.
it seemed the sun was
setting
...on the last and final day

Curt A. Confield
Moravian College

Untitled

heavy on the natural
ingredients
light on the chocolate fudge
can't seem to frost
your good humor tasties no
more
so whip me up
another double dip angels
downfall
creamy deluxe malted
and do shake that good thing
into one strong sweetheart
cup—
please.

Linda Mourer
Cedar Crest College

Circus Time

Poe's
like worn women
may place time
under the peanut shell
and christen
with damp champagne
any barker who drops years
faster than cocktail talk
can find the hostess weight.
So the hourglass sings
to my liquid satisfaction.

Yet in my thirtieth year of talk
a blonde son
by his very curve of spine
taught me the sand
and the time
behind a poet's slippery
tongue.

It was high July
All small feet said
that the circus was in town
in time to tie
my fortunes to a son.

But who need travel
on sawdust walk
for mine was the barker's
voice
as I placed my certain head
in the lion's jaws
defying all digestion,
as I walked hands-high
on kitchen thread
and caught a better self
drifting toward collision
timed by sleight of hand

When I put a son to sleep
with words
old enough to stop the world,
he held his living jungle
with similar ease
But his restless grip
as it went from tiger
to reckless lamb
and back to me
revealed the hard clown colors
that had given up my face
and a sure-footed time
shrill enough
to crack the glass
and send me spinning
joyfully
to the other worlds
he would christen with the
sun.

J. C. McCullagh
Lehigh University



Double Dactyl

Trimeter schimeter
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Wrote all his poetry
Using a metronome.

Rhymes tick away with a
Regular rhythm; they're
Incomprehensibly
Jaded with melody.

Brian Erway
Lafayette College

New Grandfather

I
Sour baby, face creased with fingerprints
with bald head and bald fat body, you copulate with air.
You are beautiful in your own way, the badge of a rising generation
for the aging surrender.
It's been years since I've touched a child's face—
felt wrinkled fat kindred of my own.
It's a strange answer to all this happiness, that a man grows so
suddenly old.
What am I to do with this silence?
The day is yours. This morning we have no visitors, no witnesses.
I find in it no inheritance
but naked dust—whispers in the air—strung from rafters..
Up...before the sun..
I want to watch him rise again.
The dewy air was not made for lids to close in.
I want to absorb moisture.
A grandfather's eyes feel strange in me—to dry for my sockets.
What is this grey I find tacked to my head?
My skin cracks—my touch wrinkles,
and you bright present—signal of the end—
are the bearer of such compliments.
Life explodes from your crib.
What have you to cry about—swaddled in white softness?
You are the child of morning—declaring your wetness
questions hang from your brows like angry worlds.
Little one, bud of experience, we grow heavy.
Time has come for the change of roles.

II
These hours of silence when...
clocks cough—self conscious—smiling strain...
fat feet must walk without aid.
It's been ages since I've left you.
You left so long ago.
Why are you dry at a time like this?
Unrelenting father—is it right we go on this way?
Where is the big finger that fat hands cling to?
Such cruel happiness.
I remember days when you rocked me in your arms
and scratched my tender skin with a kiss.
Oh, I am dry. I am dry and the world is turning green.

Michael A. Carey
Lafayette College

A coffin as a mouth closed to
ears is silent,
Although it seems to scream
the cry of death.
Resting on a marble pedestal,
Rolling up the isle, or
Buried into the earth
So permanent, so confined,
This velvet home for dust.

Maryla Peters
Cedar Crest College

Fall Evening

A desolate fall evening. Everything is dying or becoming hard and calloused
Or grey and black. Dead leaves scrape hesitantly along abandoned roads, the
wind ushering them off into darkness. The bitter wind isolates and grates,
creating a blinding solitude for the lonely figure who plops gently beneath the
harvest moon. For her, the darkness is a numbing grave.

Toshiko was alone, cold. Walking home from work, her face did not express
happiness or unhappiness. It was only possible to deduce that she was animate
and that she had an ultimate destination. But she felt the fall evening, the
denouement which emanated from her surroundings. She had been living in the
twilight of fall for twenty years now. It was a way of life that sloughed about in
the pit of her heart. Her face was impervious to such familiarity.

The path home tickled through a rough dirt alley bordered by concrete walls
rising on either side. Occasionally, she would slip into the glare of a houselight
only to pass once more into darkness. She marked her progress by these
stations.

In the center of one such light was the light twinkling of piano keys. It was a
juvenile tune, played sprightly. She hesitated to listen to the one outside her
circle. Smiling, her face cracked painfully in the grip of Frost's nails. The misery
of such pain, of being trapped between the walls, enhanced the loneliness which
often lay dormant in her breast.

How she once loved, laughed and participated in life so long ago was now
incomprehensible to her. She did not know, but paused in an effort to recollect.
The music seemed to tread away in diminished intensity.

As she turned from the bleak alley into the fluid strip of neon lighted bars, her
sense of estrangement became almost perplexing. The only way she knew that
she had lived these last twenty years was by the fact that her skin had wrinkled,
her hair turned gray and her life force had abated. The interim, now glaringly
displayed before her eyes, was remote, if not completely lost.

Her hair began to blow in selfish disarray as she walked down the broad
avenue. The strands didn't seem to know her. They seemed to lay on her head
only because they were attached. She tamped them down and hugged herself.
The evening cold began to envelop her, but she learned so long ago that life is no
rose garden and there are things to bear. Yes, there are things to bear.

The men on the street, the men who sold the pleasures of the bar or their
arrogant women, stood silent as she slowly, breezily passed. Maybe the world
bowed its head. She felt this way as her eyes met the smudged, cracked
sidewalk. The sight of the mini-skirted jō-sans made her feel too sympathetic to
be realistic and it hurt. It hurt very much.

Entering the dark alley which led to her home, the pain was relieved by the
musty atmosphere which lay stagnant between another set of walls. Beneath
her, the concrete ventilated strip which covered a benjo ditch let rise the in-
termittent gurgling and stench of passing sewage. Above the walls, pale frosted
windows of old wooden houses smeared and diffused the moonlight in baleful
hues. She wondered about the existence of green suburbs and vast freeways in
America.

Upon reaching her home, she slid open the shaky, glass door and stepped into
the cluttered anteroom. The noise of distant cars swirled and reverberated
through the small house and reached her ears as empty whispers. She benignly
slipped off her shoes and slid the reluctant door close.

She was looking into the mirror with a bare lightbulb swinging in its upper
corner. Her hair dangled into her eyes and teased her cheeks.

Memories cannot hold your hand or smile in your eyes. They don't stand
behind you and smile as you face the mirror, don't even put their hands on your
hips and whisper words of your loveliness. You know you're past that.

Turning away, she saw it was a small, lonely house. Where did she live within
the clutter? Who has she been living for all this time? Where would she be
tomorrow?

Sitting on the edge of her bed, which was cramped into a corner of the
combination living, dining and bed room, she drew up her knees and wrapt,
solitary as a daisy in the desert. She didn't know why she was crying, pouring
out so much of her anguish in spastic jerks of grief. Perhaps after the passage of
twenty empty years, she began to perceive, as a sea gull on its first light soaring
past and beyond the oceanic cliffs and confronting the vastness of the blue and
white furrows. It gave her a sense that there was no past, only a sea of time from
which she had just emerged.

And the world, what of the world? It was only a combination living, dining and
bed room that smelled of damp wood. And yes, the mirror also—for the mirror
contained God's visage which stared in your eyes, following them in the search.
Words came without a movement of the lips or the mouthing of a sound. They
said the only body in the world was her body and that it was the center of the
cosmos. It was destined to be a lonely existence. This, she knew.

Yesterday, she had spent sixty five dollars on a dress, a very fresh, stylish
dress that exhaled warmth, luxury and sophistication. Now why? To wear in
her world tonight, for where else was there? Maybe at the base—which was only
a day-time dream, anyway, where she was the foreigner. Not that they reminded
her, but she had an inbred sense of alienation there.

All along, she had tried hard, very hard to speak English well, to be so
congenial to the men and women who came up to her counter at the PX. She
wore American dresses, western hairstyles and twenty years ago, adopted an
American lover to learn American love, to sacrifice herself totally and unselfishly
to these people who gave her such a good job.

She remembered, it was a long time ago. Lying down, she could once more
feel each of the cold, wet tears in her past. Especially that time, the time she
tried to kill herself. Many Japanese do. That's no excuse. The incident was a
short relief and she was not scared or excited when it happened. For her, it was a
nap, not a sleep; a misty veil gently gathered.

They said that life would hold many surprises before then and besides, she
was still very pretty. But he had left on the plane four months before and only
wrote for the following two. After that, a rapid, clear stream started washing
over her life. This slow drowning took the place of letters which ceased to put
hope in her breast.

And then a satiny veil, a nap of bliss.

Until the eyes were thrust open and drops of reality were poured in with
cascades of pain and burning.

Then nothing but these fall evenings, only dead leaves skittering down the
streets. Where did all the dead leaves come from? There had to be a few live
ones, but where? Where?

And where do the dead leaves go?

Everyone thought that I would be all right, but they should have known there
was no way back...maybe they did know. Tears distort everyone's vision, pitiful
hopes warp the fabric of reality.

Her crying ceased.

The orange, plastic ticking clock either increased in volume or the screams and
ravings left her mind. She looked over at the clock. Half past eleven. Half past a
life she never knew.

She cried again because she had to get up early and could not stay up any
longer. She couldn't miss tomorrow, even though it was only yesterday.

Curt A. Canfield
Moravian College

Untitled

I The Dream

Windswept wonder
mesmerized by fear of
annihilation
of adamantine skies.
A Pulse, bold and sharp
as lightening,
cracks, severs,
bolting the black;
beholding the beginning and
end of echoless voices.
Faces, trapped against
dependency
emerge
and glitter forth
as if to starlight
an endless night.
A child cries in the night
A child in need of the light.
The colour of conception
flashes mighty armour,
blasting and showering
in wars of sweltering defiance.
Light is the moment,
bursting in radiance,
blinding and muting
all wondering eyes.
Dark comes with falling,
swelling black buoyance,
undercrying whatever
might remains.

The Dreamer

The sky has opened
light began
and darkness overcame.
Space and blackness
motion towards
oblivious eye-ways
while the maker of a dream
casts aside transparent stars
to fantasize a tear drop dawn.

II

I look at myself and I'm awake.
I whisper "hello" to the madman, the
madmen; whoever might call
or keep from the inside
what darkens
the sphere of alien eyes.
I ask all the Good Man,
"Shall I go on? Empty the past times
of aching present? The heavy repulsion of
atomic born desire,
consuming itself before knowing its way;
finding a nothing to fill its pretensions,
Climbing a passion to deaden
The dreams.
Circling Ascension.
and answers fall like angel's voices
Fall.

III

In Whiteness he walked forward,
Open palms with open eyes,
welcoming all.
Yes, the palms had the eyes, not the face!
His lids were closed there, balled white.
(Was that what kept them away?)
Bare white arms, lifting outwards,
inviting all;
(but were none to take the offer?)
Red pupils burned
from black deep pits
But burning with a warmth,
A burning kindness, perhaps
not as much kindness as a
yearning to give and receive.
The eyes flared light from
open palms
His Whiteness glowed...
Coldly.
The people stared, or walked away...
Coldly.

IV

Captivate Eternity!
Blast the coldness
and drip its icy fingers

icily through every
throbbing breath
until the fear is still.
Still, the heart shudders
in pangs of remembrance,
or is it just the pain
of being two at once?
All Humanness bows, crouching
below a mass of
emotion, rising
and growing uncontrollably, unpredictably,
bursting all insideness...
MERGE AND BE STILL
—Emerge, a new form,
as blindly quick and bright

as light; a whisper or sigh
or puff of Beauty
masses all emptiness and
flutters knowingly past
A streetlight where is stretched
a wretched heap of old bones,
waiting for the man and the
morning.

V

Is this what I am here for;
to write of Truth and Beauty and Sorrow?

Who am I to know of these, their
substance so real and so undefinable?
I am no Christ.
I suffer sorrow at sorrow's self,
suffering selfishness. Only
in towards myself does sorrow
know its name.
I witness Beauty, though Beauty's
stained with every thing,
tangled with pain and evil.
Goodness cries through mouths of Hell,
They can't be separate, Can I
be separate at costs of self's so
selfish being?
No, I am not poet, nor deceiver;
I suffer not Sorrow of selfless names.
I know no Truth that man could deny.
Only in beauty of snarling evil, of
stinging sorrow
I selfishly claim my self—same name!
Shall sorrow never end?
Shall self be my only name?
With no choice left
but to stand where I must just
move on.
I cry an endless "Maybe"
and clench my fists
like a Christ
Burning sweat and blood for the sake of sorrow.
Imagine, me a Christ!
I stand in proud pity
For a man
reaching,
grappling air,
pulling endlessly
toward an endlessly distant god, no
Not god but the reason for god.
(The difference is in the yearning).
Life burns at every desire.
Bare arms reach
through thickening blackness,
while stars glimmer away again and
Again.
Colour comes with the morning;
Whiteness with space to breathe,
but breaths behold mists of
stinging specks of
sparkling life.
Dew turns to frost;
The waters roar.
The time to drown is long, but remembering
the routine
is life,
Is life (?). To remember
To burn again,
To stand while beauty shimmers past,
inciting the deep deepness of real passion.